

H. Mitchell 1771. 3.

JONAH:

A

POEM.

Wit thus apply'd will ever stand the Test.
Fenton.



L O N D O N :

*'Printed by S. PALMER, for J. ROBERTS
in Warwick-lane, and A. DODD without
Temple-bar. 1720. (Price 1s.)*

JOHN A. H.

POPE M.

What is the name of the person who was the first to see the Virgin Mary?



Printed by J. G. & Co. 1825.
In the Strand, near the Theatre Royal.
(London.)



To the R E V E R E N D

Mr. *Isaac Watts.*

S I R,



THE reason of publishing this Poem, is, because so few modern AUTHORS employ their pens in divine compositions; which, of all others, best deserve to be attempted and read. And the only reason of this Dedication, is, to make a publick

DEDICATION.

lick and thankful acknowledgment of your undeserv'd respect to me, who, at such distance, endeavour to imitate the bright example of your pious Muse.

I own, Sir, the prefixing of your name to any thing I am capable to perform can be no considerable compliment, nor a suitable expression of my gratitude, to you. And after having been so bold, as not to consult you, upon a thing which your modesty wou'd hardly have permitted; I ought to account my self very successful, if, in consideration of my having indulg'd

DEDICATION.

dulg'd my self so far as to
pass over your excellent
Qualities in profound silence,
you are pleas'd to forgive
the freedom I have taken on
this occasion.

As I am extremely tender
of giving distaste to you
by a fashionable representation
of your merits; so I cou'd
not allow my self to trans-
gress the rules of civility so
far, as to give a needless in-
formation concerning them
to the publick. Your own
works praise you: And who
has not read your works?
While Poetry, sacred to De-
votion, Vertue and Friend-
ship, is justly esteem'd in
our

DEDICATION.

our world, Mr. WATTS' *Horæ Lyricæ*, and his other Divine Productions, will be favourite books.

As to my self and this performance, I shall only say, that, whatever exceptions may be made against it by the Criticks; if it contribute to the great ends of Poetry, the advancement of true virtue, and the reformation of mankind; if it may raise an emulation amongst our young Poets to attempt divine compositions, and help to wipe off the censure which the numerous labours of the Muses are justly charg'd with; if it serve any of these purposes, I shall be satisfy'd, tho' I gain

DEDICATION.

no reputation by it among those, who read a new Poem with no other view, than to pass a judgment upon the abilities of the Author. If you, Sir, accept it, as a testimony of my sincere respect, I shall easily endure the worst that can be said of it by another.

IT might have been more profitable, had I, like my fellow-AUTHORS, address'd some Great, Mony'd-Man, in a fulsom Panegyrick at the head of my work: Yet, I am sure, it wou'd not have been so honourable for me, who cou'd not, without breach of duty, inscribe it to a different name; nor wou'd my Poem have got such a sanction

DEDICATION.

tion from a Patron of less allowed skill in the heavenly Art.

MAY your God, whom you serve in the known character of a good Christian and a good Poet, rebuke your tedious indisposition of Body, whereby the publick suffers so considerably. And may you long be preserv'd for the common benefit of your Country, 'till a brighter scene of transport and immortality is open'd.

I am,

with the greatest Truth and Respect,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient Servant,

JOSEPH MITCHELL.



P R E F A C E.



SOME of our best and most celebrated Authors have so well traced Poetry to its Source, shewn its original Design, and illustrated the Excellency of divine Compositions above all others, that it would be presumptuous, as well as superfluous, for me to trouble the Reader with a Discourse of that nature, in a Preface to the following Poem. 'Tis enough for me, that, according to my Abilities, my Practice declares I am entirely of their opinion, who think that Religion and Vertue are properly the concern of Poets, and Society never gains more Honour and advantage by their Works, than when these are their distinguish'd Themes. As nothing more effectually discovers an Author's vitiated Taste, and tends to debauch the Reader's Mind, than loose Sentiments cloath'd with all the charming

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ing Elegancies of Verse ; so the most important Concerns of Life, from the Practice or neglect whereof our eternal State takes its colour, appear with more than common Lustre in the Performances of a masterly Pen ; and consequently challenge the Regard of human Society, as well as exalt its Fame, in a very particular manner. As 'tis true what Mr, WALLER observ'd,

*Verse shows a rich inestimable Vein,
When brought from Heav'n 'tis thicher sent again.*

So, in all States and Kingdoms, where Poetry has maintain'd any measure of its primitive Beauty and Usefulness, it has been experienced, that true Honour rose with Vertue. Thus Mr. PRIOR sings,

Vertue was taught in Verse, and ATHENS' Glory rose.

How wou'd it contribute to the Interest of Mankind, if our eminent Writers wou'd turn their thoughts to divine and moral Subjects only ? People wou'd read themselves into Reformation and Newness of life. 'Tis indeed more difficult to compose well on these Subjects, than in a loose and comical Strain ; which is a chief Reason why so few attempt, or succeed in, them : But for that reason
the

P R E F A C E. iii

the most eminent Wits shou'd be encouraged to exercise themselves that way. And I am sure, as none cou'd be more successful, so none wou'd enjoy so much pleasure and satisfaction in their Undertakings, as They.

It gives us a promising Idea, that Men of no less Spirit and Character than Sir Richard Blackmore, Mr. Addison, Mr. Prior, &c. have of late asserted the Dignity of Verse, and apply'd it to its proper end, in several distinguish'd Performances. After their Example, as well as in imitation of Moses, David, &c. 'Tis hop'd our Youth, that are Poeticaly dispos'd, will not be asham'd to labour.

As to my own Performances, and this particular Poem, I shall not say any thing that may so much as incline the Reader to be favourable in his Criticisms. The World will condemn or approve as it pleases, in spite of all I can offer to the contrary. I beg leave only to say, that, tho' I have not so much Vanity as to think this such a finish'd Piece as some Judges wou'd persuade me it is, or as a few Brightnings by the Pen of its ingenious Patron cou'd
b 2
have

have made it ; yet I have the Pleasure of reflecting on the Minutes spent in its Composition, and am well assur'd the Ends propos'd by it are honourable, as the Subject is fit for a Poetical improvement, and worthy the most masterly Hand. The Agreeableness and Importance of the Story tempted me first to design it ; and if any are taken with it in the reading, I have my Aim. If Application be the great End of Poetry, as well as of other Arts and Sciences, I hope some that peruse this Poem shall know by experience the Truth of Mr. Herbert's saying,

A verse does find him who a Sermon flies.

Whatever may be the use of such a Labour, I am not afraid of suffering much by it, if my critical Readers examine it on no other rules than such as are immediately proper to a profest Historical Paraphrase. And those that are ignorant of these Rules in their judging, have, I hope, the Discretion not to censure at all : Or if they do I believe I shall have so much as not to regard 'em.

T H E



THE
CONDUCT
OF THE
POEM:
Divided into
SIX BOOKS.

The ARGUMENT of
BOOK I.



THE Poem opens with a sketch of the general design, and an address to the Holy Spirit. The city of Nineveh is describ'd, and a character of the inhabitants given. A reflection is made on the snares of wealth and greatness, whereby the Ninevites were led into all manner of luxury and riot. The Almighty, being enraged on the account of their crying sins,

ii The CONDUCT

sins, resolves to pour down his Judgments. When the Ministers of destruction are on the wing, a devout person is suppos'd to put up an earnest prayer to Heaven for mercy, in behalf of the Ninevites. God is prevail'd with to suspend the execution of his wrath, 'till he had warn'd 'em, by one of his Prophets, to repent.

BOOK II.

The Prophet Jonah is pitch'd on. His country and character are mentioned. The Almighty's command to him is express'd. Jonah's distraction, after he had received orders to go to Nineveh, describ'd. His resolution to fly to Tarsus. An account of Joppa where he took ship. The mariners put to sea, and promise to themselves a prosperous voyage.

BOOK III.

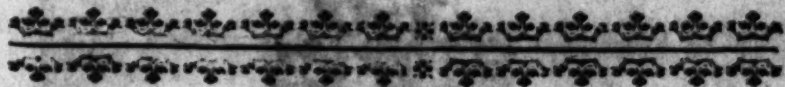
God Almighty is represented as descending in storms and tempests. He speaks, and gives commission to the winds to embroil the deep. A description of the Hurricane rais'd to oppress Jonah, and blast his hopes of getting safe a shore. The Pilot, amidst the common calamity, find, Jonah slumbering under deck. He rouses him smartly.
The

The sentiments and resolution of the sailors in their present distress. They cast lots to find out the person for whose guilt they were in such danger. The lot falls on Jonah, who, trembling, acknowledges his crime. The pitying sailors labour in vain to carry him safe a-shore. Their speech to him, when they despair'd of success. His answer. Their address to God Almighty, before they threw him over board. An account of the calm that followed immediatly after Jonah was cast in the sea.



B O O K IV.

The use and improvement the Mariners made of this strange adventure. They get safe a-shore, whilst Jonah was swallowed up alive by a Whale. The Whale describ'd. Jonah's prayer to God out of the Whale's belly. The force of prayer considered. An account of Jonah's delivery from the Whale, after he had lain three days and nights in the deep, as a type of the Redeemer of Mankind. Of God's Almighty power.



B O O K V.

God's command to Jonah repeated, whilst he lay, wondering, on the shore. His journey to Nineveh, and conduct when he reach'd the City, describ'd. His speech to the

Inhabitants. Their terror and repentance. The behaviour of the King, and his royal proclamation to the people. A reflection on their case.



BOOK VI.

Jonah leaves the city, and builds a butt on a hill-side. He looks earnestly to see the place destroyed. He is distracted with anger and sorrow, because God does not pour down the Judgments which he had threatned. His address to Heaven. God's answer. A Gourd, at God's command, grows over the Prophet's head, to shelter him from the injuries of the sun and wind. The Gourd is consum'd suddenly, and the Prophet enrag'd. He is rebuk'd by God Almighty. His murmuring describ'd in a new address to Heaven. God expostulates the matter with him, and corrects his wickedness. His satisfaction express'd. The Poem is concluded with an earnest address to sinners, and a friendly compliment to its pious and devout Patron.



V O O B

JONAH



JONAH:

A

P O E M.

B O O K I.



HY righteous Heav'n an angry face

puts on,

And threatens loud to pour it's

vengeance down ;

What wrests the thunder from J E-

H O V A H ' S hand,

And saves, from ruin, a rebellious land ;

B

How

2 J O N A H.

How th' air, embroil'd by stormy winds, grows mild,
And boistrous billows of the deep are still'd;
Sing, heav'nly MUSE, in thy exalted strains:
" The pleasure shall compensate all the pains.

" ETERNAL SPIRIT, favour the design,
" Inspire my thoughts and polish ev'ry line,
" Whilst I attempt to paint thy JONAH forth
" A pow'rful Preacher to the rugged North.
" Where sacred precepts oft successless prove,
" Examples, to advantage shewn, may move.

I N early times, well known to publick fame,
A City flourish'd, *Nineveh* by name,
First built and peopled by *Affyrian* Bands,
That spread their conquests o'er the eastern lands.
Armenian Tigris thro' her forc'd a way,
With stream majestick, to the *Persian* sea.
Walls high and broad were rear'd for her defence,
Fifty long miles in wide Circumference.
The rival tow'rs shine like meridian beams,
And, as a WORLD, within her self she seems.

As shrubs are lost beneath the awful shade
Of tow'ring trees, she rais'd her lofty head
O'er neighbouring towns, and far excell'd their state,
More fam'd abroad, at home more rich and great.

BUT, ah! how basely MEN their honours use,
And the rich gifts of bounteous Heav'n abuse?
What dire effects from ease and plenty flow,
And to what heights does vice, unpunish'd, grow?
How better far to want immoderate store
Of worldly wealth, and live serenely poor,
To pass in mournful solitude our days,
Than be seduc'd from sacred Vertue's ways?
Lust, Rapine, Blood, Idolatry and Strife,
(The sure attendants of luxurious life)
And other ills, thro' affluence, rushed in,
'Till *Nineveh* was delug'd o'er with sin.
What forreign foes cou'd not by force obtain,
Thro' many a long and hazardous Campaign,
Was basely yeilded by themselves in peace,
As people grew effeminate by ease.

All, losing now a sense of honest fame,
 Turn'd proud in vice, and triumph'd in their shame.
 Like Beasts of prey, licentious they rove,
 And act whate'er their sensual fancies move.
 The wealth that Fortune, with a wastful hand,
 Had blindly scatter'd o'er their spacious land,
 Made them inglorious in a splendid state,
 Amidst their triumphs curs'd, and vilely great.
 Here, adoration to the stones is paid.
 There, guilty Lovers in the streets are laid.
 Riot and Death in ev'ry corner reign,
 And the whole city turns a hideous scene.

Now full the cup of indignation was,
 And G O D resolves to pour it on the place.
 Long had he look'd, with wond'rous patience, down:
 At last, enrag'd, he girds his vengeance on,
 Bids flaming ministers in haste prepare
 To fly, portentous, thro' the trembling air,
 On *Nineveh* to execute his wrath,
 And, as o'er *Sodom*, spread a general death.

J O N A H

THE orders giv'n, swifter than Thought they fly
From ev'ry corner of the chrystal sky,
Dispos'd to carry heav'nly vengeance down,
And into ruin turn the guilty town;
When, lo! a Pray'r ascends the realms of light,
T' appease J E H O V A H, and suspend their flight.

- “ MUST then, great Father, Justice be employ'd,
“ And *Nineveh* so suddenly destroy'd?
“ True she has sin'd, and merits weighty woe,
“ But do'st thou always treat thy Creatures so?
“ Thou usest not to punish all alike,
“ And, without warning, in thy fury strike.
“ With those, that better means have had than they
“ Who blindly wander from thy righteous way,
“ Wilt thou deal kinder? Shall thy mercy spare
“ Ungrateful Rebels, and be wanting here?
“ Perhaps were they instructed in thy law,
“ They'd serve thee better, and stand more in awe:
“ Or, were they warn'd before thy wrath is sent,
“ They'd hear thee call, and, as they hear, repent.

“ O

6 J O N A H

“ O let thy goodness still its sway maintain,

“ And prove the glory of thy endless reign !

“ May Mercy, with engaging charms, arrest

“ Thy hand, and thence the vengeful thunder wrest.

Th’ Almighty hearken’d with a gracious ear,

And had regard to the prevailing pray’r:

By it o’ercome, aside his wrath he laid,

And, full of pity, threatening Angels stay’d.



Book



 B O O K II.



IN *Judah*, *Israel's* ornament and pride,

And wonder of the neighbouring
world beside,

The Prophet **JONAH**, old **AMIT-
TAI'S** Son,

For knowledge in the depths of fate was known.

To him from Heav'n the great **J E H O V A H** spoke,

And, at his voice, the list'ning **JONAH** shook.

“ **HASTE,**

" HASTE, Prophet, haste to *Nineveh* the great;
 " And warn the people of approaching fate ;
 " Fearless of danger thro' their numbers press;
 " Proclaim their Sins and Judgment to their face ;
 " Warn 'em, from me, that, e're the night and day
 " Twice twenty times by turns assert their sway,
 " The shining Tow'rs, that border on the sky,
 " In sad destruction shall inglorious lye.

THE Prophet's mind a sudden terror fill'd,
 And thro' his veins a trembling horror thrill'd,
 O'er all his vitals dire confusion hung,
 And fault'ring accents die upon his tongue.
 His limbs turn feeble, hairs as bristles rise,
 Paleness his face, and dimness cloaths his eyes.

This way and that he turns his thoughtful mind,
 Now loves, now flights, the purpose he design'd.
 Sometimes he thinks his message to perform;
 Sometimes he dreads to plunge in such a storm.

Penfive in doubt his way-ward mind remains,

'Till flavish fear the government obtains.

The dastard passion drives him blindly on,

Till sense of shame and gratitude was gone.

Now he, distracted, makes attempt to fly,

And sculk unseen by the omniscient eye.

Vain man! to think there was a distant land

Beyond the reach of an almighty hand:

Or he, who knows the inward heart of man,

Does weigh each word and ev'ry action scan,

Cou'd not observe and find the sinner out,

To recompence the evils he has wrought.

IN th' utmost coasts of *Judab* is a scene,

Where *Taurus*' cliffs o'erlook the spacious Main,

That *DAN*'s blest off'spring in their portion got,

When *JACOB*'s race did *Canaan* share by lot.

Here once the fair *ANDROMEDA*, confin'd,

Was freed by *PERSEUS* of a dauntless mind.

Hither the flying Prophet came, and found

A ship for *Cydus*, as he wish'd for, bound.

Slighting his master's providential care
And high command, he turns a mariner:
More safety looks for on the faithless sea,
Than he cou'd find in haughty *Nineveh*.

THE passage hir'd, the shouting fellow-train
Their Canvass spread and launch into the Main,
Assisted by a gentle gale of wind,
They skim the deep, and hope the port assign'd.





B O O K III.



WHEN from his high *Empyreal* abode,

In storms and tempests down

JEHOVAH rode.

Flashes of lightning in the Van

appear,

And dreadful thunder rattles in

the Reer.

A dark pavilion o'er the deep he spread,

And, from the awful gloom, he, speaking, said;

" DOES Rebel JONAH think t' elude my fight,
 " Or ward my vengeance by his speedy flight ?
 " Tho' from the land, where I am known, he flies,
 " Hopes he to sculk from my omniscient eyes ?
 " And were he safely landed on the shore,
 " Cou'd *Tarsus* hide him from avenging Pow'r ?
 " But soon as I confound the spacious Main,
 " He'll know that universal is my reign.

THIS spoke, he nods; and, from their noisy cave,
 Th' imprison'd winds in hasty tumult rave.
 Thunder and lightning, with portentous glare,
 Incessant flash and grumble thro' the air.
 Dread Hurricanes and raging tempests rise,
 Embroil the deep and dash the distant skies.
 A gloom of clouds the face of day o'er-spreads,
 And wild confusion fill'd the oozy beds.
 Now *Alps* of water bear the vessel high ;
 Then buried in th' abyfs she seems to lye.
 The sails are torn, the ropes assunder break,
 The sides are bruis'd, and slip'ry is the deck.

A ghastly paleness in each face appears,
And Death, portended, aggravates their fears.
To their deaf GODS the Sailors turn their eyes,
And tell their case in disregarded cries.
Some, on their knees, old OCEAN'S grace implore,
And, to appease him, sacrifice their store.
To LEDA'S sons some tell their mournful tale,
And some with JOVE endeavour to prevail.
Like *Baalani's* Priests, they cry aloud in vain:
No fancy'd GOD or knew or cur'd their pain.
Relentless Justice heightens still the storm,
And ruin stares in ev'ry frightful form.

BUT JONAH, harden'd in his dire offence,
And thoughtless of the turn of Providence,
Howe'er the cause of all the threatening woe,
Was found secure in dozing sleep below.

YET tell me, Sages, (who are ne'er perplex'd
To find some meaning in a sacred text)
Whether indeed asleep the Prophet lay,
Or stupid was with this unlook'd dismay?

Th' effect was plain ; no dangers cou'd awake
His senseless mind, till thus the Pilot spake ;

- “ THOU sluggard, who, amidst our common woes,
“ Can’st thus, unmov’d, thy self to death expose,
“ What art thou ? Where are all thy senses gone ?
“ Ha’st thou no G O D ? Or know’st thou there is One ?
“ Shake off thy slumber, and devoutly plead
“ With H I M or H E R thou worshipest for aid.
“ Perhaps thy guardian, for thy sake, may send
“ Relief to thee, that may us all defend.

THUS he most sluggish was who most had sin’d,
And thus a Heathen rouz’d a Prophet’s mind !

MEAN while the sailors held a close debate
About the cause of their impending fate.
One reckons murder is the fatal spring;
Another treason done against the King.
But all agreed some impious wretch was there,
On whose account the G O D S were so severe :

And

And all resolv'd to find him out by lot,
 Whoe'er he was, or whatfoe'er his fault.

Now one by one their trembling hands advance :
 Each was afraid the lot shou'd prove his chance,
 Each looks with terror on his actions past,
 And, at the thoughts of dying, stands aghast.
 Each thought the tempest for his crimes was sent ;
 And all look'd pale about the dire event.
 The single Hap occasion'd more distress,
 Than storms that plung'd 'em in so sad a case.

Vain were their fears ; for JONAH was to come,
 By GOD's decree, to draw deserved doom.
 The trembling wretch no sooner shook the Urn,
 Than all their eyes on him, the guilty, turn.
 All, curious, press to learn from whence he came,
 What his condition was, and what his name.
 Conscious of ill, he feels an inward smart,
 And sad distraction rages in his heart.
 His outward form declares his secret pain ;
 For looks the language of the soul explain.

How easy 'tis for men to murder fame !

But who can stifle his own sense of shame ?

The wretch, that to an abject state is thrown,

Than mankind's favour loses more his own.

THERE is a judge in ev'ry human breast,

The source of constant trouble or of rest,

This inmate friend or foe will still prevail,

And overtake the sinner under sail.

Swifter than wind it flies where'er he goes,

And bears along a Train of cutting woes.

No crime so secret but it ponders well,

And reprehends with an interior Hell.

This guest, unseen, now dreadfully appears,

To hollow Rebel thro' the Prophet's ears.

From shore to shore he, unconfin'd, might run,

But ne'er himself, his speaking Conscience shun.

Prompted by it, he frank confession made,

And, after silence was commanded, said ;

Two'd

- " 'Twou'd be in vain for me, with fly deceit,
 " To plead not-guilty, and my cause debate.
 " He, whom the jarring elements obey,
 " Who governs all things with despotick sway,
 " To whom all nature's open at a view,
 " Wou'd soon my crime, as now he does, pursue.
 " FAVOUR'D as others of that chosen race,
 " The seed of JACOB, objects of his grace,
 " My lot was cast in JUDAH's pleasant land,
 " Where joyn'd I was to a distinguish'd Band,
 " That knows GOD's mind, and bears his high command.
 " LONG had I dwelt in Sion's holy hill,
 " And prophecy'd to men my master's will,
 " When, by commission, I was charg'd to go
 " And warn th' *Affyrians* of approaching woe.
 " Yet, much mistrusting providential care,
 " I rather chus'd to fly than perish there.

" The fear of danger in the destin'd place
 " Has plung'd alas ! my self in dire disgrace,
 " And brought on you this undeserv'd distress.

" UNTHINKING wretch ! to disobey my God,
 " Since sad destruction waits his awful nod ;
 " And they, that sin against the clearest light,
 " Provoke him most t' exert his vengeful might.
 " Now, here I stand an object of his wrath,
 " And, for my sake, expos'd are ye to death.
 " Ye charge the horrors of the deep in vain,
 " And, to deaf idol Deities, complain.
 " His word, that turn'd these watry worlds to flame,
 " That flame to tempest, can alone the tempest tame.

THE sailors now, with this account, amaz'd,
 All trembling stood, and on each other gaz'd.
 A deadly cold ran shiv'ring to their hearts,
 Thrill'd in their veins, and froze their inward parts.
 Each, for the Prophet, utmost pity show'd,
 And, as they cou'd, the sinking vessel row'd.

But winds rage furious, swelling billows roar,
 Clouds clash with clouds, and lightnings play the more.
 All nature wore confusion in her face,
 And seem'd as jostled from her proper place.
 The luminaries of the Heav'ns were pent,
 And sheets of curling smoke involv'd the Firmament.

So, when the grim Inhabitants of Hell,
 From realms of light, for disobedience fell,
 Nothing was heard around the dreary coasts,
 But sullen moans and cries of tortur'd ghosts:
 And nought was seen but gleams of sulph'rous light,
 Which joyn'd the gloom, and made more dreadful night.

W H A T madness 'tis to urge a gracious God,
 To vindicate his Honours, by his rod?
 Who can the anguish of their spirits tell,
 That all the strokes of injur'd justice feel?

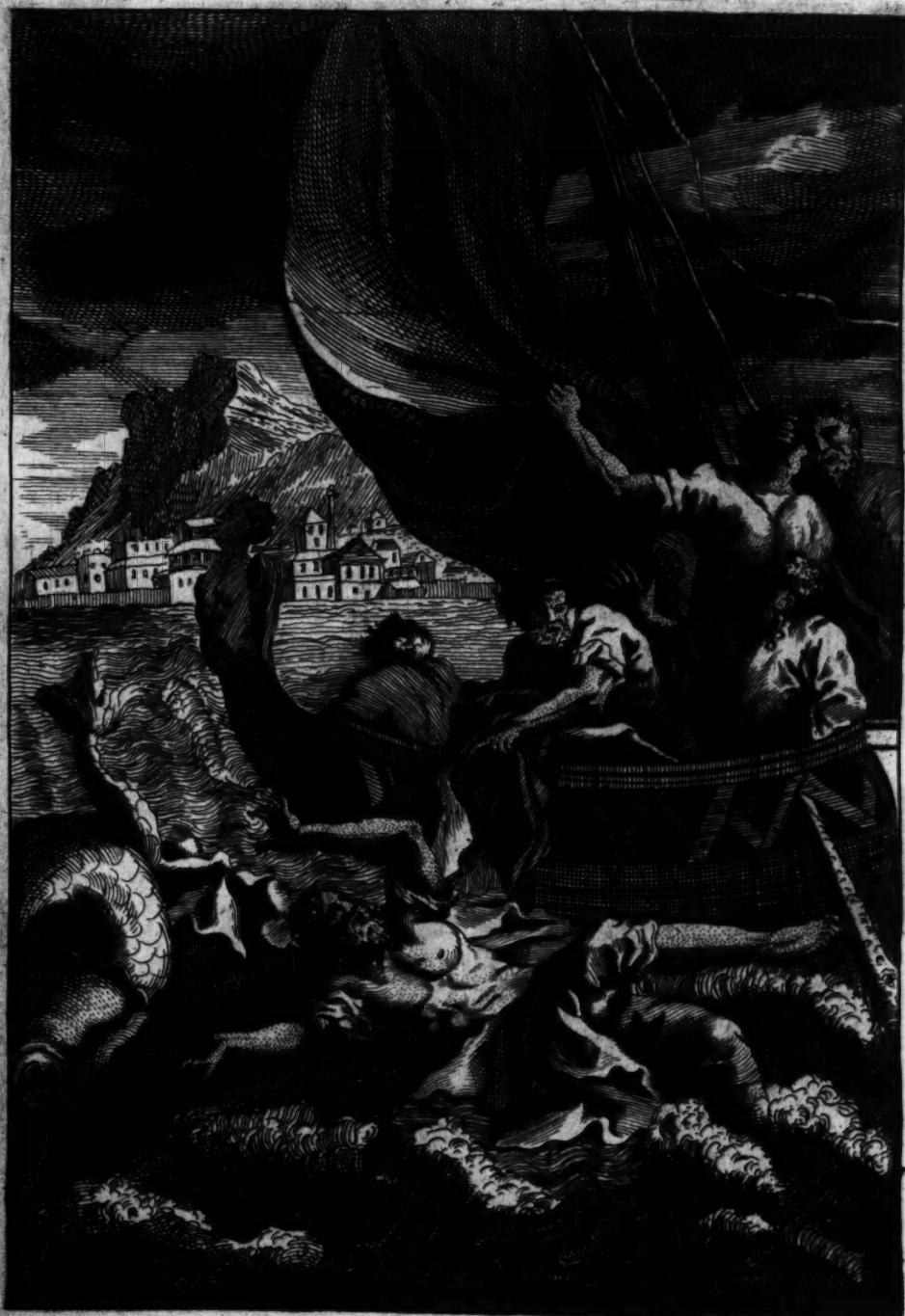
N O W hopes were lost, and all essays thought vain,
 To J O N A H thus the sailors turn again.

" SINCE by thy fault (as thou did'st now confess)
 " We labour helpless in this dire distress,
 " Tell, if thou know'st thy pow'rful deity's will,
 " How we may best the raging tempest still;
 " What means are needful to appease his wrath,
 " And save our selves, if possible, from death.

THE Prophet, trembling, made 'em this reply;

" T' atone for guilt the guilty soul must die.
 " For me alone hath hap'n'd all this woe;
 " The storm is mine, not your avenging foe.
 " Make haste to plunge me in the swelling deep,
 " And all your cares, and all the winds, shall sleep.
 " Soon as the ship of such a weight is eas'd,
 " A calm shall spread, and Justice be appeas'd.

ONCE more the pitying sailors ply'd their Oars,
 With skill and strength, to reach the *Tarshian* shores.
 At length they ceas'd t' employ a fruitless care,
 And thus to Heav'n address'd their pious pray'r.



- “ O pow’rful Being ! of all G o d s the best !
“ Regard, we pray, regard our sad request.
“ Thou know’st we thirst not for thy servant’s life,
“ Nor are we prompted by revengeful strife ;
“ We covet not the riches he enjoys,
“ Nor is his death our pleasure, but his choice.
“ Thee, by his crimes, he has enrag’d ; and now
“ Thy Justice threatens to inflict the blow.
“ We Instruments are only in thy hand,
“ To execute what justice does demand.
“ Then, from the guilt of blood, thy suppliants save,
“ Nor satisfaction, in thy fury, crave.

WITH strange reluctance, the obedient crew
Into the deep the Rebel J O N A H threw.
Down he descends ; and o’er his destin’d head
The waters close——he’s number’d with the dead.
But, as he sinks, the winds retire apace,
No more the billows ruffle O C E A N’s face.

The clouds disperse, the air appears serene,
And sacred silence reigns o'er all the main.

So, at the dawning of our new made world,
When jarring elements apart were hurl'd,
Rude CHAOS from his old dominion fled,
And peaceful order round its influence spread.



B O O K



Book IV.



But for a while, w, struck with wonder, all the
 sailors raise
 Their grateful voices to th' al-
 mighty's praise,
 Are taught with humble reve-
 rence to view

His wondrous works, and to his wisdom bow.

No more they vainly pious tribute bring

To their false Gods, but to th' eternal King.

Him

Him they adore, and beg his friendly hand,
To guide 'em safe to the long wish'd for land.

WHAT sudden change! The sea is all serene,
And gladness in each countenance is seen.
All seize their oars, and with elated minds,
To urge their haste, invite the willing winds.
The willing winds the spreading sail supply,
While from each side the yeilding waters fly.
Upon the tide the wanton *Dolphin's* play,
And fair in sight appears the *Tarshian* Bay.

BUT JONAH, whom of late no ship cou'd save,
By care divine, rests in a living grave.

With ardent soul to Heav'n for help he pray'd,
And Heav'n in pity sent him speedy aid.

The word was giv'n, and soon the scaly herd,
Forgot their hunger, and the prey rever'd.

Proud to attend the stranger, all draw near,
'Till their huge king *Leviathan* appear,

That, as a mountain of enormous size,
Confounds the deep and laves the distant skies,

O'er finny shoals maintains despotick reign,
And rolls, in state, thro' the capacious main.
As yawns an Earth-quake, he, at G O D's command,
Strange to relate ! does his large Jaws expand,
Disclose the hideous cavern of his womb,
And there, alive, the wond'ring Seer entomb.

N O W safe within the monstrous Whale he lyes,
And all the force of winds and waves defies.
Where light ne'er enter'd now he draws his breath,
And glides serene thro' liquid paths of death.

W H O can believe, of such a dire abode,
One cou'd have made a temple to his G O D ?
Yet, whilst our Prophet is in prison hurl'd
Thro' all the lab'rins of the wat'ry world,
By pow'rful faith he overcomes despair,
And, as from Hell, puts up this pious pray'r;

“ To thee, my G O D, enthron'd above the sky,
“ From dismal caverns of the deep I cry.

E

“ No

“ No floods, no billows can controul my mind:

“ The thoughts of man are ever unconfin’d ;

“ Unwearied, as the active flames, they move,

“ And wander thro’ the distant realms above.

“ For me, amidst the horrors of my case,

“ I’ll hope for mercy and implore thy grace.

“ While thou can’st pardon, tho’ thou look’st severe,

“ There’s place for sinner’s hope, as well as fear.

“ Tho’ here expell’d and banish’d from thy sight,

“ By faith in thy salvation I’ll delight.

“ Why shou’d I, helpless, in my ship-wreck mourn,

“ Since faith a judge can to a favour turn ?

“ Tho’ darkness round me all her terrors spread,

“ The dreadful billows bellow o’er my head,

“ And I’m confin’d in caverns of the main,

“ Amidst my woes I’ll faith and hope maintain.

“ Thou, who can’st shake the center, can’st controul

“ The rebel pow’rs of my tumultuous soul,

“ Restrain the wild disorder of my blood,

“ And save me from the dangers of the flood.

- “ OF late thou shew’st we can no sooner plead,
“ In our distress, than thou vouch’st thine aid.
“ Soon as I, sinking in the waters, cry’d,
“ Thy great command o’er-rul’d the booming tide,
“ And sent this huge Leviathan in haste,
“ To suck me in, e’er remedy was past.
“ Couldst thou, when such a guilty wretch did crave,
“ A miracle perform his life to save ?
“ And shall I fear thou wilt not find a way,
“ To shew me yet the pleasant light of day ?
“ No: thou wilt back a humble captive bring,
“ And make thy Prophet, in thy Temple, sing.
“ I’ll trust thy mercy, whose Almighty arm
“ Has pow’r to rescue me from ev’ry harm.
“ The time will come when I, for my release,
“ Shall bless my GOD with offerings of peace.
“ When freed from all the fetters that surround
“ And hold me here, as in close prison bound,

" I shall again to men thy mind reveal,
 " And of thy pow'r, thy love and goodness tell.
 " It shall be said, thy arm deliv'rance wrought,
 " And from th'abyss a humble suppliant brought :
 " That mountains, weeds, vast heaps of heavy sand,
 " Ev'n monstrous Whales, obey thy dread command.

" YE blinded zealots, who in error stray,
 " And to deaf GODS your senseless homage pay,
 " Your vanities with fiery zeal pursue ;
 " Whilst I before th' Eternal's footstool bow :
 " He scorns the gifts of riches and of art,
 " And loves the off'rings of an upright heart,

" O ! may I never tempt him as before,
 " But always grateful, as I shou'd, adore ;
 " By lip and life his glorious praises sound,
 " And publish still his tender mercies round.

THE Prophet's suit, with faith and fervour joyn'd,
 Soon reach'd his throne, and sooth'd th' Almighty's mind.

FR OM deepest dungeons Pray'r can wing its flight,
And, uncontroll'd, invade the realms of light.
As sun-beams fierce, it scales Heav'n's lofty walls,
And the high portals open when it calls.
It's pow'r cou'd stop the chariot of the sun,
And, to the flesh, bring back the spirit gone.

N OW, thro' th' abyss the restless monster roam'd,
And, floundring high, anew the billows foam'd.
In spite of Nature's strong and common laws,
He's forc'd to'expand his wide devouring jaws,
And vomit forth, at the divine command,
Unhurt, the wondring Prophet on the land.

T HRICE had the sun his daily race renew'd,
Ere the huge monster of the briny flood,
Restor'd the prey he thought to make his own.
But strength superior is controll'd by none.
Omnipotence it self exerts it's pow'r,
To bring the Prophet safe upon the shore.

A type of that far greater blifs to come,
When man's Redeemer, buried in a tomb,
Shou'd ride victorious o'er infernal pow'rs,
Lead captive Death, and break his prifon doors.

WHAT can't th' almighty pow'r of GOD perform?
His word can raife, and fudden calm a ftorm.
The elements from nat'ral jarrs he keeps,
And makes unfrozen billows ftand in heaps.
The dreadful monfters, that infest the main,
Are all obfequious fubjects of his reign.
His will can fruftrate moft pernicious ends,
And, out of cruel foes, make kind protecting friends.





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B O O K V.



ET on the shore the wond'ring JONAH lay,

When soon from Heav'n a voice forbid

his stay ;

" HASTE, Prophet, haste to Nineveh the great,

" And warn the people of impending fate ;

Let

“ Let thy experience teach, that, ’twou’d be vain

“ For thee, unpunish’d, to make shift again.

NOW JONAH, fearing GOD’s displeasure more
Than he had done the wrath of men before,
To *Nineveh* directs his speedy pace,
Nor stopt till he had reach’d th’ appointed place.
A place so spacious, that the circling sun,
Ere it was travel’d round, wou’d thrice his journey run.

’Twas when AURORA had begun to gild,
The blushing skies, and animate the field,
Our Prophet enter’d at the opening gates,
Nor for a crowded auditory waits,
But, breaking silence, boldly thus begins
To threaten judgments for their crying sins:
The sins that of all various kinds arise,
Dare heav’nly wrath, and reach the distant skies.

“ ATTEND, ye destin’d citizens, and hear

“ The dreadful message I, a Prophet, bear.

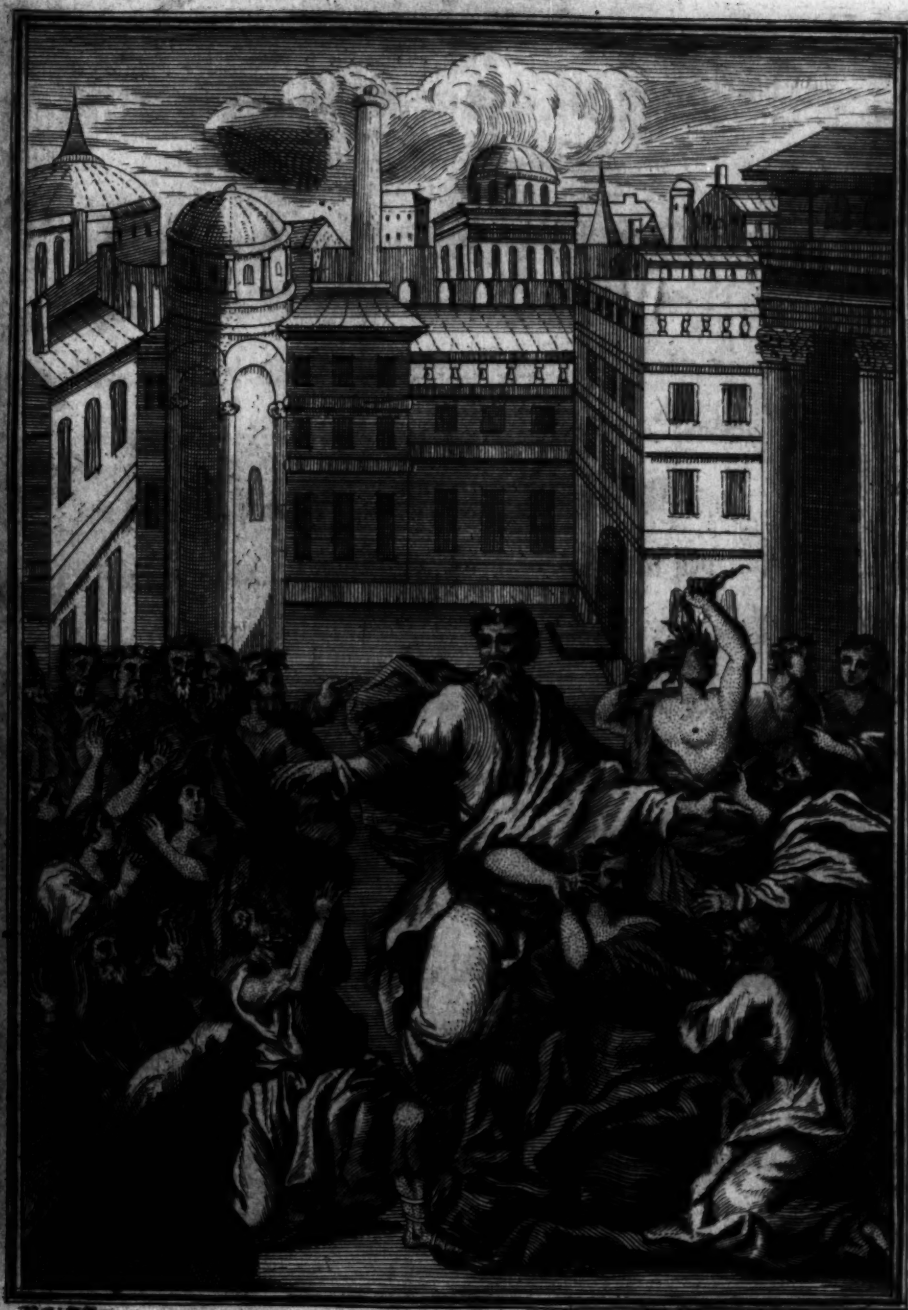
“ To



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- “ To you I’m sent, by the supream command,
“ Of him, whose scepter governs sea and land ;
“ Whose steddy ballance does the mountains sway,
“ Whose rein the wild and barbarous beasts obey ;
“ Around whose throne, array’d in heav’nly state,
“ Myriads of Angels for their orders wait,
“ In flaming fire, as on the wings of wind,
“ To punish all that with presumption sin’d.
“ Thus, o’er *Gomorrab*, ripe for weighty wrath,
“ At one dread nod, he spread a general death.
“ And now, e’re yonder globe of radiant light
“ Twice twenty times dispel the shades of night,
“ Great *Nineveh*, whose crimes for vengeance cry,
“ In ruinous heaps, *Gomorrab* like, shall lye.
“ Impartial justice, with a hand severe,
“ No age, no sex, no quality will spare.
“ Riches and pow’r shall prove a weak defence
“ Against the bolts of GODS omnipotence.

As boldly thus the Prophet cry’d aloud,
The streets turn’d frequent by the list’ning crowd.

All sorts of people press his words to hear,
And, conscious of their guilt, the threatn'd vengeance fear.

BUT who the pain the destin'd wretches feel,
Without a sorrow like their own, can tell ?
Uproar and noise the populous city fill'd,
And, thro' all veins, a trembling horror thrill'd.
Some rave with madness and confirm'd despair,
Beat their swoln breasts, and tear their tatter'd hair ;
Whilst others draw in still-born sounds their breath,
And shiver at the fearful thoughts of death.
All, earnest, turn to Heav'n their melting eyes,
And plead for mercy with accented cries.
Distinctions vanish in the common woe :
All have deserv'd, and strive to ward, the blow.
The King himself, the monarch of the east,
Of highest pomp and luxury possess'd,
Whose conquering arms to distant nations spread,
Make Princes slaves, and fill the world with dread ;
Soon as the fatal tidings reach'd his ears,
Begins to think, - and stoops to humble fears,

No

No more his gilded Royalty displays,
But, clad in sack-cloth, most devoutly prays.
Low on the ground he, prostrate, made his bed,
Conveen'd his council, and in haste decree'd,
“ That ev'ry soul, on highest peril, bow
“ Before th' Almighty, and repentance shew ;
“ No more in ways of error loosely rove,
“ But converts to the rules of vertue prove ;
“ Instead of mirth, with a sincere design,
“ Make publick vows t' attone the wrath divine ;
“ For many days, nor man nor beast shou'd taste
“ Their common fare, but keep a solemn fast ;
“ The costly robes to rags of sack-cloth turn,
“ And know no pleasure, but repent and mourn ;
“ That Heav'n, perhaps, might shew a milder face,
“ And justice yeild to mercys milder grace.

N O W *Nineveh* another scene appears,
Where laughter reign'd behold a flood of tears !
Desponding all, with penal sack-cloth clad,
In ashes, prostrate on the ground, were laid.

The stubborn minds, that never bow'd before,
With earnest vows th' Almighty's grace implore.
They change their thoughts, their crooked ways amend,
And humbly strive to make their judge their friend ;
Push the last effort, to revoke their doom,
And stop the judgments, now foretold, to come.

THE news of danger haughty sinners shake,
And, at the sight of death, the stubborn Atheists quake.





 B O O K VI.



MEAN while the Prophet leaves the
humbl'd town,

And waits that G o d shou'd pour
his vengeance down.

Alone he wanders, musing, in the
fields,

And, on a hill, a simple lodging builds.

Impatient, oft he turns his gazing eyes
To *Nineveh*, the hideous scene of vice.
Sometimes he look's for ruin from the winds;
Sometimes from angels, (these celestial minds,
That round the throne of the Eternal wait,
To bear salvation, or to scatter fate.)
But vain his anxious hopes ! to see the doom,
That he had threatned very soon wou'd come.
For now the cries of *Nineveh* for peace,
Prevail with Heav'n, and gain J E H O V A H's grace.
Mercy, scarce govern'd by eternal laws,
Exerts its force, and triumphs in their cause.
So sweet its air, so melting are its charms,
It oft with ease omnipotence difarms.
Changes his thoughts, his angry brow unbends,
And, of a foe, can make the best of friends.

THE Prophet, as affronted, inly mourn'd,
His eyes with fire, his breast with fury burn'd.
Honour, a bubble which he vainly fought,
He fear'd wou'd break, and he be set at nought.

WHAT art thou, Fame, by mortals thus desir'd ?
For thee alike all humane minds are fir'd ;
Tho' few can be so miserably blind,
As not to see thee made of empty wind.
Like an enchanted palace in the air,
Thou mock'st our grasp, and frustrat'st all our care.
In vain we strive, whil'st envy has her stings,
To hold thee fast, and soar upon thy wings.
Yet were we of thy chiefeſt joys poſſeſt,
What further pleaſure cou'd inſpire our breaſt ?
What benefit wou'd from the bubble grow,
When in the Urn, unconſcious, laid below ?

THE Prophet's mind, now diſcompos'd by care,
Was thus to Heav'n expreſs'd in haſty pray'r.

“ HAD I not reaſon from thy face to fly,
“ And chuſe, than be affronted thus, to die ?
“ Did I not know thou wou'd'st too ſoon repent,
“ And I'd be, as a lying Prophet, ſent ?

- “ I knew my errand wou’d at length prove vain,
“ And I’d return with dire disgrace again.
“ Mercy with thee’s an attribute belov’d,
“ By which ev’n fate unchangeable is mov’d.
“ Now since, as formerly I fear’d, my fame
“ Is, by this mercy, dash’d with endless shame,
“ What profits life ? O let me rather die,
“ Than live on earth, and suffer infamy.
“ Take from me, take this hated life away :
“ Death is the debt that I’m prepar’d to pay.

TH’ ALMIGHTY heard, and thus with voice of peace
To JONAH spake, and reason’d on his case.

- “ Tis true, my Prophet, *Nineveh* has sin’d,
“ And judgments, as thou threatn’d’st, were design’d.
“ But at thy warning all the people turn’d,
“ And, low in sack-cloth, their condition mourn’d ;
“ The conduct of my providence ador’d,
“ And mercy with their earnest vows implor’d.

“ Dost





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“ Dost thou then well to chide my sov'reign grace,
“ And grudge the good of a repenting place ?
“ Dost thou in mischief take a dear delight ?
“ Have I done wrong, and art thou in the right ?
“ Can anger help thee ? Better 'tis to fear,
“ And learn my dispensations to revere.

THIS spoke, to sooth the gloomy Prophet's mind,
And prove a shelter from the sun and wind,
He gave command, and sudden round his head,
A verdant Gourd her shadowing honours spread.
The Prophet, pleas'd, improv'd the sent relief,
Nor, whilst it lasted, more express'd his grief.
Secure beneath the fragrant fruit he sat,
To see the tow'rs of NINUS bow to fate.
But at th'approach of next returning day,
The plant that sudden sprung as sudden dy'd away.

NOW eastern winds with blustering fury rise,
Vex all the air, and agitate the skies.

The scorching sun-beams play on JONAH's head,
 Exhaust his blood, and lay him almost dead.
 Fainting he stretch'd his body on the ground,
 And spoke his sorrows in a broken sound.
 Weary of life he wish'd it had an end,
 And beg'd that GOD wou'd death immediate send.

AGAIN th' Almighty——does my servant well,
 “ With rage, for losing of the Gourd, to swell ?

THE hasty Prophet, thoughtless, made reply ;

“ THOU know'st I'm angry, and I wish to die.
 “ Have I not cause, when life a burden grows,
 “ To wish for death, to finish all my woes ?
 “ Who cou'd such treatment patiently endure,
 “ And not desire that most effectual cure ?
 “ When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die :
 “ For death's a sure retreat from wounding infamy.

ONCE

ONCE more to JONAH great JEHOVAH spake;

- “ Dost thou, my servant, such compassion take
“ Upon a Gourd, whose seed thou did'st not sow,
“ Nor wert at costly pains to make it grow ?
“ Dost thou thus fondly place thy dear delight
“ In what sprung up, and perish'd in a night ?
“ For a frail plant cou'd'st thou express such care,
“ And shou'd not I a pop'lous city spare ?
“ Can'st thou for such a trifle mourn, and yet
“ Obdurate look upon a sinking state ?
“ Is mercy strange ? Have I not often sworn,
“ To save the sinners that repent and turn ?
“ To humour thee, and prop thy tott'ring fame,
“ Shall I my wonted love and grace disclaim,
“ Upon an humbled people pour my wrath,
“ And, while they cry for pardon, stop their breath ?

- “ RASH man ! thy wicked murmuring forbear,
“ And think how good, how glorious, 'tis to spare.

- " Consider *Nineveh's* prodigious round,
 " In which a world of innocents is found.
 " If harmless flocks thy pity cannot move,
 " (Tho' ev'n for them I feel my pleading love.)
 " Can'st thou no bowels of compassion find,
 " For tender babes, that never proudly sin'd ?
 " Cou'd'st thou see, blended in one common fate,
 " The young, the old, the lowly, and the great ?
 " Behold their looks, and hear their moving cries
 " With unrelenting heart, and with unmoist'ned eyes ?

- " N o—I shall ne'er the city sacrifice,
 " So chang'd of late, to humour thy caprice.

THEN JONAH, struck with sacred awe, adores
 JEHOVAH's conduct and his grace implores ;
 No longer for the city's safety mourns,
 But into triumph all his sorrow turns.

B E rouz'd, ye finners, and reform betimes,
 Ere threat'ned judgments seize you for your crimes.

While

While mercy courts you with engaging charms,
Without delay embrace the offer'd terms.
Ere long, perhaps while ye are slumb'ring, Death
In dreadful pomp may lead the way to wrath.
All help and hope for ever disappear,
When Justice comes your trembling souls to tear.

O! may the guilty Nations soon repent,
Before the shafts of heav'nly rage are sent.
Already Justice mounts an awful throne,
Prepar'd to hurl the bolts of vengeance down.
Thro' ev'ry land are heard the dire alarms :
The hosts of Heav'n seem all to be in arms.
Mercy and grace arrest the thunder now,
But cannot long divert the threatned blow.

THOU, WATTS whose pray'r can threat'ned woes suspend,
Live long an intercessor as a friend.
Shou'd'st thou, offended at our crimes, retire,
To thy own seat in the celestial Quire ;

Unless,

Unless, *Elijah* like, thou leav'st behind
 The pow'rful graces of thy God-like mind ;
 Soon wou'd our world a wilderness become,
 And Death in triumph stalk from tomb to tomb.

8 1 1 50



F I N I S.